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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY

For the Democrat.

A VISIT TO A CHURCHYARD.

'Twas near the closing of a bright and sultry summer day,
Unto the dwelling of the dead I slowly lent my way:
'Twas in the pleasant village where my parents drew their breath,
Where my ancestors had lived of yore, and where they sleep in death.

It was a sweetly rural spot, beside an ancient church,
Altho' overshadowed by the oak, the willow, and the birch:
Yet nature, with her usual taste, had spread the earth with green,
And scattered many a clover flower the mossy stones between.

Long years had passed since I had seen that well-remembered place,
And time, among the closing graves, had left full many a trace:
Inscriptions which, in former days, admiring, I had read,
Were worn away, and nameless stones were standing o'er the dead.

Full many a monument, which once had stood erect and fair,
Was sadly leaning toward the earth, and bowing in the air:
While all around me I perceived an elemental strife,
And felt that time was busy there, as in the haunts of life.

I sought the lengthy line of graves where my own kindred rest:
Where earth had gathered young and old to her maternal breast:
I mused in the happy home where late we said, farewell,
And I knew I should find them there, each sleeping in his cell.

Imagination saw them rise, beneath that glowing sky,
They look'd on me with eyes of love, as in the days gone by:
I saw my white-headed grandfather, the soldier and the sage,
Bending, as he was wont to do, beneath the weight of age.

This life's companion, mild and kind, beside her husband stood,
And those who were to lose appear'd in the dim solitude:
Their firstborn son, who died uncheer'd by deep parental love;
Their daughter whom they saw depart, and take her babe above.

I turn'd away, and look'd around, another group to see,
One which had lain beneath those sods near half a century:
Of them I had no memories, but had heard my father tell
Full many a tale about the ones in youth he lov'd so well.

The monument his people rear'd above his father's head,
Still told the name and age of him who rested with the dead:
While, by his side, another stone above a daughter's form,
Was crumbled into fragments, by the lightning or the storm.

I thought, while in this place of graves, how vain for man to strive,
To keep, thro' ever rolling years, his memory alive:
The marble column may be rais'd and sculptur'd o'er by love,
But time will wear away the stone, and every trace remove.

I thought I would scarce ask to have a line upon my grave,
Nought save a tree, above the sod, in graceless line to wave:
I thought if in the Book of Life my name was written fair,
The storms and changes of the world could never reach me there.

OXFORD.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE YOUNG REBEL.

A TALE OF THE CAROLINAS.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

In a small farm-house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and only son. The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine, manly youth of twenty. At length he said, "David, this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of the country now! Congress needs every arm that is capable—ah! me, I wish this old wound I got in the French war had not lamed me—but for it, I should be now shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country."

Both the son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting and gazed enquiringly at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering his father's eyes for a moment, turned confusedly away. "The old man's brow darkened, and he said warmly,

"David, David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much?—why, my son, I am ashamed of you! Twice before this have I spoken to you upon this subject, but you appear to have no spirit! What will you see us trampled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here supinely? For shame, David, for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army!"

"Joshua, Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth; then do not speak to him so harshly. He cannot yet feel what you feel, who have fought so often against our country's enemies—Joshua he is but a boy."

"A boy indeed, Deborah! such boys as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them!—why, were it not for the boys of this land, where would be our army, which I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys of David's age."

The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word that he had ever used to his boy.

David arose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do?" he at last muttered—"here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago.—And for what? why to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice; but now I will be myself again!—what did he call me? was it not *coward*? Now, by heavens, I will learn him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away then with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act, no longer dream! Ere a fortnight my father shall hear of me or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stable, saddled his horse, and mounting him struck into a gallop, which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the windows of a farm-house, half hid between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Baker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure.

She was alone when he entered, and a few words acquainted her with his determination.—She burst into tears.

"Nay! Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel, as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl, with an effort to smile. "I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxieties I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you too encounter their danger. But since this dreadful defeat at Camden I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go, then, dearest, and God be with you. My prayers shall attend you, night and day."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand, and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates, who promised to follow him as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm-house, to which he proceeded boldly in pursuit of a lodging. At first the occupant received him coldly; but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a Tory, he affected the same political creed, and was immediately warmly welcomed. The loyalist produced his card after supper, and insisted that David should join him in his potatoes; this the young man had, taking care however, not to indulge too freely, while the farmer overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank without stint and became more and more communicative. To his horror David soon learned that a party of loyalists led by a Major Wilson, celebrated for his torments and ruthlessness, were to start early the ensuing day on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalists leaders. David knew enough of this partisan warfare to be assured that no mercy would be shown his friends; he also knew enough of the character of the major to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others as inviting nearer home. He accordingly set himself to discover from his half inebriated companion the truth. Nor was it long before success crowned his adroit cross-examination.

"Why, you see," said the host, "I believe there's a little revenge for a slight received from these fellows' sister, mixed up with the major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty, they say, and the major, when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Ever since, he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend on it he will have her on his own terms now—thank Heaven! there's no law any longer to prevent an honest loyalist from doing as he pleases to those rascally rebels. But yonder is the major now," suddenly said our host, starting up, "I will introduce you to him at once—a merry fellow you'll find him.—Lord love you he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to learn further of the Tories' plans and find means, if possible, to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the Major's hand warmly; pledged him immediately in a brimner; and soon contrived to make the royalists believe that he was anxious to join a troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain had been concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night; he pretended that several others of his friends were dissatisfied and desirous of joining the royalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempted bait took; the major promised him a command in his troop, in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth after he had taken a few hours rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

The dread of discovery had been constantly before our hero during the management of this negotiation, for his person was well known to many of the major's troop, and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not have protected him from detection. He wished to get off that night, as he had proposed; but to this until his host nor the major would hear, and he was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear, on rising, that the major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Bunkers, with his troops. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and mounting his horse, rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross-road, where was a tavern.—Here he stopped, and learning that the royalists had taken the high road, he turned aside into a narrow and more circuitous one.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said again dashing into a gallop. "Pray God, I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads and march to the Bunkers. There is no other hope now left."

Night had fallen, as they expected, before the Tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods, it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows; and when they arrived close to the premises, the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but enjoying themselves in imagined security.

"Now men," whispered the leader of the Tories, "when I give the word fire a volley at the house by way of introducing ourselves; we will then surround the place and enter it."

At that instant the deep bay of a dog rang in their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the major.

"Fire!" he cried.

Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the front of the house was shivered, and the Tories yelled like savages. In an instant the light in the house was extinguished—the violin was quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door.

The Tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank, resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the upper windows, and one of the Tories fell desperately wounded. Another report succeeded, and another Tory fell Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and underneath this the Tories, shielding themselves from the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door.—Suspecting such resistance—perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of the men had brought an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it to pieces.—Here a desperate battle ensued. The brothers were powerful men, and as courageous as they were strong; and now with clubbed rifles they disputed the entrance of the whole Tory force.—The door being small they stood their ground for half an hour, felling during that time some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overcame them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The Tories, inflamed to madness at the great resistance which had been made, and at their own losses, now seized the mother and sister, and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of the victims when the major addressed his men:

"Now, friends, as soon as these villains are dead, we will set fire to the house—the old woman there," he said with a brutal laugh; "may be left inside—but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Hiss!" cried one of the men, in a loud voice. The major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listeners distinctly heard, "when I say fire, give it to them!"

A man with blanched cheek now rushed among them, exclaiming—
"The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard—a general volley succeeded, and so well had the aim been directed in the door, that several of the Tories fell, either dead or desperately wounded. In turn the Tories retreated up the stairs, when David our hero rushed into the room which they had just left, and cut the ropes that bound the Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this!" cried one of the Bunkers.

The two men sprang up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment which they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle. The Tories fought for life; the whigs for revenge. But at length the latter triumphed though not until their enemies had been almost exterminated.—The major fell by the arm of our hero, who sought him out in the hottest of the fight, and engaged him single handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David as he pressed his betrothed bride to his bosom; and his heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratified of her brothers was expressed in many words, but her's was silent and tearful, yet how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him, when they met, "but you are a chip of the old block, and I did you wrong, Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats anything I ever saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him, in a few weeks, more than a score of hardy young followers, who fought with him to the close of the war when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

BETS WADE.

"Friendship, Miss Bishop, is like a spider's web; the least breath of air will destroy it.—Bets Wade and I was gals together; all the difference was, I was rich and Bets was poor. Well, one day Bets got married and there's no end to things my husband did gin (did not give) that gal. He gin her sights o' things. He gin her a great keeler tub and a little keeler tub. He gin her two wooden bowls painted yaller outside, and red inside; he gin her a churn, and a churn dash too, Miss Bishop, he gin her a peck of raisins and a quart of tea, and yet that ungrateful wretch never set foot outside our house for two years! One day I was sitting eading (carding) row before the door—I never thought myself above eading row, Miss Bishop—a chaise drove up. Who should it be but Bets Wade? I thought I must be polite in my house, and so says I, 'Bets come in.' She came in and she set down. My husband soon came in I hit him the wick not to speak to Bets, and that touched her up pretty well, for my husband always set everything by Bets, all the world and more too, sometimes. She told him she'd been living so long in that seaport town Pawtucket, she thought she must once more visit her country friends. The seaport town Pawtucket, that made me mad, Miss Bishop; its no more of a seaport than Merrimack river.—But Joe had lived too long in the woods to be skeared by an owl, much more by Bets Wade. Bets asked me if I wouldn't give her some tea. I told her I would if she'd wait till tea time come; so I went down into the cellar and I got a pound cake, and two pounds of sage cheese of my own making.—Bets Wade never put better into her mouth in her life—and I brought 'em up and I put 'em on the table, and says I Bets eat! and good Lord! she did eat! I if she eat one mouthful she eat two pounds; I should think the critter hadn't had anything for two months! When she was filled, she said she believed she must go, for she said she had an antic horse and new chaise, *Antic Horse* and new chaise! The horse wasn't bigger than a Newfoundland dog and they had to tie the poor creature to a post to keep him from tumbling down, and as for the chaise, it was made in Adam's day, and then 'twant new! no, it never was new! and Bets Wade ever got a tired of that horse, she did well—no, she never did! She had to take the poor critter into the chaise afore she got home and that's a fact certified."

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TEMPERANCE PAPERS &c.

We are not a little disgusted with a tone of many of the mis-called *temperance papers* of the present day, edited for the most part by men of very ordinary mental calibre and unripe judgment, who strive by hot zeal in urging forward a wholesome reform to render themselves conspicuous and gain a fleeting notoriety by the noise they make—just as a jackass would attract notice by the loudness of his bray.—Being devoid of anything like reasoning powers and unacquainted with the commonest rules of courtesy, they seek to force people into their way of thinking and acting by foul-mouthed abuse; what they lack in argument they make up for in invective.

We are not speaking against the temperance reform, which has been one of the greatest blessings of the age; far from it. We admire temperance, in all things, and it has never lacked such feeble aid as we could give it; but we hate ultraism and fanaticism of all kinds; and where we see abuses we shall not hesitate fearlessly to point them out, exist where they may. That the professedly Reformed Inebriate should be taken by the hand and encouraged in his work of self-reformation is a doctrine to be commended; that he should be suffered again to take his place among men and move in good society, the right to which he had forfeited by his previous conduct, we most cheerfully allow, every encouragement should be afforded him, and when he was given proof that he is reformed indeed, his past conduct should be forgotten. But to set him up as the teacher and corrector of those who have never fallen, to suffer him to make capital out of his disgrace, and because in his new born zeal he goes greater lengths than others, who have led the lives of men and Christians, are willing to go to place him on a pedestal above them and point to him as a paragon in morals, is an overturning of all the laws which govern society, an outrage on common sense and a stab at the vitals of virtue itself. A false theory and a most pernicious practice.

Do we not see the truth of this exemplified every day, in this unmitigated blackguardism which characterizes the writings and speeches of these reformed-reformers; in their abuse of respectable men, who have always lived like men; in their fighting and quarrelling with each other, as regards a division of the spoils and the particular honor which belongs to each, individually. It is enough to disgust a reasonable and thinking man with the very sound of the word *temperance*; for not one in the English vocabulary has been more vilely abused. Society never committed a greater mistake than in supposing that, because a man has *professionally* reformed in one particular, he is therefore free from all vice and moral depravity. Teachers of morality should be chosen with more circumspection and undergo a proper probation.

—Boston Bee.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES. William the IV., late King of England when Prince of Wales, and during his service off the coast of Canada, made an excursion into Upper Canada, and crossed over into Vermont. He entered a tailor's shop, and on seeing the tailor's wife—an exceedingly beautiful woman—he without ceremony stole a kiss from the lady and remarked:

"There now tell your country women that the son of the King of England has kissed a Yankee tailor's wife."

Unhappily for him, her husband, the tailor, at that moment appeared from the back room, and being a stout fellow, gave the scion of royalty a tremendous kick, exclaiming:

"There! now go and tell your country women that a Yankee tailor has kicked the son of the King of England."

The Prince eloped.

BOSWELL AND JOHNSON ON STRIPES. A conversation between Boswell and Johnson on this subject:

"Suppose, sir," said Boswell, "that the man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace, and the expulsion from society?"

"Then, sir," said Johnson, "let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil where he is known."

There are some hearts in which, as in the burning soil of a tropical climate, passion flowers spring up spontaneously; but there are others where are found only the sweet wild flowers of the gentler affections, until culture brings forth the perfumed blossoms of a sunnier clime. The innocences of temper, which to many seems an evidence of frivolity, is often but the overflow of a deep and living spring of tenderness which lies unstirred within the bosom.

Moral principle is the citadel of the heart. All education therefore which is confided irrespective of this, is but the erection of outworks to besiege the strong holds of virtue.

Why is a barber shaving a friend, like one who tries to get acquainted with you? Because he is *scraper* an acquaintance.

THE TEST OF RESPECTABILITY. "Ma, Mrs. Muggins' folks aint respectable, and I won't play with Sophy any more."

"Why, la, my dear, what makes you think they aint respectable?"

"Why, ma, they don't use loaf sugar in their tea."

DESTRUCTION OF PIRATES.

A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times, in letters dated on board the Frigate Macedonian, gives an account of destruction of several towns on the African Coast, by our men of war, for depredations upon our commerce, and the destruction of the Mary Carver, and the murder of her crew.

On the 10th of Dec. 1843, the Macedonian arrived off Rock Rouk. The natives of this place were strongly suspected of having participated in the horrid scene of the murder of Capt. Farwell and his crew. On the 11th, in the A. M., the crew landed with twelve armed boats of the Squadron, with ninety marines. The natives were drawn up on the beach, to the number of six hundred, their town surrounded by a strong double stockade of oak timber fifteen feet high, and full of men. No opposition, however, was made to their landing, and a palaver finally ensued, in which the natives denied any knowledge of the murder—laid it to the people of Bereby, and expressed themselves glad that they had come to chastise the offenders, and the King offered to go with all his warriors, and help to punish them.

Commander Tainall declined their assistance, but took the King along with him to Bereby, to be at the palaver with King Ben Kracko.

On the 12th, the Macedonian, Saretoga, and Decatur, came to anchor within a half a cannon shot of the shore. Bereby was surrounded by a double stockade, 15 feet high, and had evidently been put in the best possible state of repair, as many of the timbers were entirely new.

On the morning of the 12th, 15 boats from the different ships, pulled in a heavy surf, to the number of about 250, including 90 marines. Ben Kracko invited a palaver by hoisting a white flag of peace, and the Commodore consented, having so arranged his forces as to prevent surprise. The palaver commenced, and of the same old tale of one having had anything to do with the matter, was again repeated with many additions and improvements. Capt. Farwell, according to their story, had committed the first offence—had slain some two or three of the natives, and then two or three of the natives had slain Capt. Farwell and his crew. After a long talk, the Commodore remarked that he saw no use in having any more nonsense with the fellows, and he would take King Kracko, at all events, as a hostage. I fancy, (says the narrator) that the remark must have been understood, for as soon as their officers passed out of the tent to make a proper disposition of the forces, to secure the capture of Kracko a signal was given, some shots fired upon us from the town, and the Kings Interpreter, and all his chiefs, made a rush to escape. As soon as he King sprang up, he was seized by Capt. Perry; and the Commodore is not light weight, he was dragged through the sand towards the Interceptor, in running for the town, was shot through the spine by Commander Yattall, dead, and a scattering fire was drawn from near the whole line. So unexpected had been this termination, that no scarcely knew what was to be done—whether to fire or not and in consequence most of the natives near us had run beyond musket shot, before any regular fire was made.

In the meantime, the Commodore and Ben Kracko were engaged in a personal struggle, and the odds were in favor of Kracko, who was a most powerful fellow. The Commodore had no desire to take any lives, and was very desirous to take Kracko, in particular, as a prisoner. One of the marines, however, an old soldier, had no idea of seeing his Commodore treated in any such unceremonious manner, gave Kracko a very pertinent hint to that effect by giving him a stab, no wise hint, with his bayonet, and finding this did not suffice, backed his first offer by a second, which passed through his groin into the abdomen, and besides this, he had received a hard clip over the head from the musket, the stock of which had been broken in the contact. He finally found his quietus, and the Commodore got up from him, having every appearance, certainly, of having been very busy indeed. We supposed that there was an end of Kracko—the bullets were flying very thickly, and with no means a pleasant sound, about our ears—when, lo and behold! up jumps Ben Kracko again, and was fast making for the town, when he was again seized by Capt. Mayo; and even then, with two or three bayonet wounds in his body, he was very near an overmatch for the captain, and at one time had nearly wrested his musket from him. He was finally subdued only by the united force of five or six men, and tied and carried down to the boat.

Thus far, as near as we could discover, not more than four persons had been shot, and the orders of the Commodore were again and again reiterated not to kill any one, unless in the act of firing upon us. No Americans were killed, and but few wounded.

The town of Ben Kracko having been burnt, we came off to the ship, bringing King Kracko with us. He was immediately examined by the Surgeon, and his wounds dressed, but they proved to be mortal, and he expired early in the morning.

In the evening of the same day we got under way, and stood down near the centre of the five other towns composing the country of half Bereby, and came to anchor at a near cannon shot of two of the principle towns. Early the next morning we again landed, under the fire of a few shots from the ships, with a force of about 200-250 men. The town here was very rough, and we were compelled to land two or three at a time in canoes. And fire was kept up upon the boats from the bush for some time, but the force once landed, no opposition was afforded, and in a few minutes, the first town was in a flame. The next town, which was on the south, and next to the Territory of Grand Bereby, was distant about a mile and a half from the one we had just burnt. Commander Tainall, with his division, took the lead in the attack upon it. Meanwhile the Commodore and some of the other boats had pulled down opposite to it, and drawn upon themselves a very smart and continuous fire from the town, and for a while we supposed there was some chance of the scratch. But upon the approach of Commodore and some of the other boats had pulled down opposite to it, and drawn upon themselves a very smart and continuous fire from the town, & for a while we supposed there was some chance

of a scratch. But upon the approach of Commodore, who are fighting for their altars and their hearths, under almost the identical Declaration of Right which formed the basis of the American Revolution. [Jour. of Com.]

I suppose the two towns could not have contained less than 2000 souls in all, and as they were both surrounded by a most effective stockade, the slightest courage on their part would have cost us a very severe loss before we could have subdued them. Having destroyed the town and all their canoes, we again started for the north part of the country, along the sand beach, at no place further distant from the bush than from five to ten yards. A few shots were fired upon us, but a volley into the woods at once dispersed them.

The next town we approached was about three miles from the last we burnt, and one and a half from the first. We saw none of the natives here at all, and in a few minutes after this, the third town and another, small one near it, were also in flames.

After having spent a half hour in dining, we again took up our line of march for the last remaining town of Half Bereby, and after a most hot and fatiguing march, the last village of pirates was approached, and in a few minutes was, like the rest, laid in ashes. In this town and near it, we found abundant proofs of their having destroyed Mary Carver. Two chain cables were found in the town, and a chest containing letters from a lady in Maine to Captain Farwell, and also many proofs, that the Mary Carver was only one of many vessels which had been in like manner destroyed.

Our work had now been accomplished, six towns being all of the country of Half Bereby, were in ashes, and something like six thousand of the natives rendered homeless and houseless, a lesson to them which they are not likely soon to forget. Only one sailor had been badly wounded, and he in consequence of having, in disobedience of orders, wandered away with one other, and when distant about a mile from the detachment was fired upon by natives and shot through the thigh.

THE "WILD MAN OF THE WOODS" CAPTURED!

The New Orleans papers some time ago noticed the appearance at Caddo of what they call a wild negro. The last Caddo Gazette containing a letter from Mr. S. M. Pierce of that parish detailing an account of a successful attempt to capture the animal. It appears from the account given by Dr. Pierce, that he in company with Mr. Perry, proceeded towards the haunts of the creature, coursing along with great speed, and resembling a bear rather than a man. Dr. Pierce got within ten paces of him and commanded him to stop, but instead of pausing he took to a river. He was still pursued by the party, which finally arrived at a very thick cane break, in the midst of which was a large gum tree, with a hole just large enough for a person to squeeze in. "I looked in," said Dr. Pierce, "and could see the singular being squatted in one corner of the hollow, and looking more like a bear than a human being." It being almost night, they concluded to wait until morning. At break of day they commenced cutting and succeeded in making a hole large enough to get him out. He was ferocious and indomitable, fighting with fury and was only subdued by a rope being thrown around his neck and tightened until his respiration was almost choked. He was finally secured and taken to Dr. Pierce's house where he can be seen. No doubt, adds the doctor, he is one of those negroes that has by some means strayed off when he was small, and it is the opinion of Mr. Caffrey that he came there when a child, or perhaps born there, as there were two skeletons in the hollow of the tree supposed to be the father and mother of the man that we caught. He appears to be fifty years old, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and will eat nothing but raw meat, and that which is tainted he likes best. He will eat craw-fish and frogs with avidity when they are left in his way at night but will not touch food in the presence of any person. His hair and nails are very long. His body is well sheltered from the cold and rain by the long hair that covers it.

The editor of the Gazette declares that the creature possesses an appendage which Dr. Pierce omitted to mention, viz: a tail about three inches long, with hair on it. If this be true, the idea of its belonging to the genus *homo* must be abandoned, unless some acute philosopher should prove that Lord Monbodo's theory of men being originally monkeys furnished with tails, is true, and that the animal in question is a specimen of Lord Monbodo's idea of primitive humanity.

THE RUSSIANS AGAIN WHIPPED BY THE CIRCASSIANS. Accounts from the Caucasus by the steamer Cambria, bring the important intelligence that the Circassians have taken from the Russians after some hard fighting and great bloodshed, the Castle of Socha, on the coast of Abassia. Sheikh Shamil had arrived at the head of the River Kouhan with 30,000 men, and had called upon the inhabitants to furnish one man per house, which would make a very large force. Woronoff's troops have been beaten by the Dog-hunters, and three or four ships loaded of wounded have been sent to Crimen. Many of the Poles in the Russian army had deserted to Shamil, so that Woronoff being in want of men, ordered a carbovanz (each worth 3s. 6d. sterling,) to raise reinforcements at Akheek, without being able to get many. He further sent a number of Mussulman nleas (doctors of law) from Crimen, with their muffs, to Shamil, to try if they could open negotiations to treat for terms of peace, of course merely to set the Circassians to sleep. Shamil, aware of the treachery, had three of them put to death. The Russian army was suffering dreadfully from a scarcity of provision, and the soldiers will have to wait for the new crop before they will have a sufficiency of food. The crops in Circassia, though very scanty last year are good this season.

In consequence of the long succession of reverses experienced by the Russians, the Emperor is said to have "adjourned the definitive pacification of the Caucasus." We trust such will prove to be the fact. Already the war has continued several years, and hosts of brave Russians have perished, without being able to make any perma-

nent impression upon the still braver mountaineers, who are fighting for their altars and their hearths, under almost the identical Declaration of Right which formed the basis of the American Revolution. [Jour. of Com.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, AUGUST 12, 1845.

Oxford Senatorial Convention.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of Oxford County are requested to choose Delegates to attend a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris on Wednesday, the 20th day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M., to select runner candidates for the State Senate. Towns and Plantations are requested to send the usual number of Delegates.

By Order of the County Committee.
July 25th, 1845.

Oxford County Convention.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of Oxford County are requested to choose Delegates to attend a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris on Wednesday, the 20th day of August next, at one o'clock P. M., to select a candidate for Clerk of the County, County Attorney, County Treasurer, and County Commissioner, to be supported at the ensuing State election. Towns and Plantations are requested to send the usual number of Delegates.

By Order of the County Committee.
July 25th, 1845.

CAUCUS!

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the Town of Paris are requested to meet at the Town House on Saturday, the 16th day of August, instant at 5 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting FOUR DELEGATES to attend the County and Senatorial Conventions, to be held at the Court House on the 20th inst. Also, to nominate a candidate for Representative from this District in the next Legislature, to be supported at the ensuing election; and to take such other action as may be thought proper.

August 4, 1845. Per Order.

Whig Nomination for Governor.

We learn from the Argus, of the 8th inst., that the Whig Convention, held in Portland on the 7th, nominated Hon. Freeman H. Morse, of Bath, as their candidate for Governor.

Democratic Republicans, the campaign is now fairly opened. Our opponents have entered the field with a candidate who, it is well known, is a firm and unflinching advocate of all the leading principles which characterized the old Federal party, and of all the principles good, bad, and indifferent, which characterize the modern, self-styled, Whig party, and a bitter and uncompromising opponent of the present State and National Administrations.

Through the errors and division of the Democratic party, he slipped into Congress for one term; but by our union and adherence to principles, he was defeated for a second term and a firm, unwavering Democrat elected in his place. He is now pitched upon by the Whigs as the unfortunate man to lead their "forebears hope" for 4515, and to be run down on the 8th of September next, if you do not by expeditious, incisive, or decisive, will it otherwise.

Our opponents have labored unceasing and with a zeal worthy of a better cause, for months past in endeavors to produce divisions and dissensions in our ranks, knowing that by their only hope of retrieving the Waterloo defeat with which they were overwhelmed last fall. They will now redouble their exertions. Democrats should therefore be prepared to meet and relate all kinds of "Roarbacks,"—to drive their base arguments home upon the invaders.

Although the prospect of our opponents may look desperate, on a superficial view, yet we should remember that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and act upon that remembrance as though we were determined to maintain that liberty at whatever cost; and not by supineness and want of organization set for our opponents to steal a march upon us. A want of energy and organization on our part will lose us the State. Of this fact our opponents are well aware, and unless we mistake the signs of the times, they are preparing for the contest in such a manner as not to alarm us. But be not deceived, fellow Democrats, by their apparent apathy. Avoid all scenes of division—broadside prejudices, and preferences for men,—adhere strictly to the principles and maxims of the party, and victory will crown your exertions, and our opponents will meet with a second Waterloo defeat.

The next Legislature.

Our opinion is, says the Bangor Democrat, that more of good or evil to the State, will depend on the next Legislature than has depended on the same branch of the government for many years. Hence we consider it of unusual importance that the next Legislature should be democratic in both branches, that the evil may be slurred and the good secured.

In the first place it would be shameful and excusable in us to lose our ascendancy by inattention and neglect, we having the unqualified ability to retain it at our pleasure. It would be extremely naive and foolish to give the whigs a U. S. Senator, and thus lose the favorable opportunity of adding strength to a National Administration that last year we largely contributed towards establishing. Certainly we are not going to desert that Administration before it is fairly started on its course; we will democracy then continue Mr. Evans in Congress to oppose it! Will they not rather discharge an opponent and employ a friend!

Elections in August. A number of important State elections have already been had in this month, involving a choice of forty-seven Representatives, and in Tennessee and Indiana, and Senators in Congress. They are as follows:

North Carolina, Aug. 7.	Legislature and U. S. C.
Tennessee, " 7.	Gov. Leg. & 11 "
Kentucky, " 4.	Leg. and 10 "
Indiana, " 4.	Leg. and 10 "
Alabama, " 4.	Leg. and 7 "
Mississippi, " 4.	Legislature.
Missouri, " 4.	do

This will complete the election for the twenty-ninth Congress in all the States except Maryland (6) which votes in October, and Mississippi (4) in November. The States of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts have one member each to elect, to supply vacancies in their delegations.

By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship, viz:—Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

Silva Fure.—When Dr. Franklin was serving an apprenticeship to the art of Printing, he was allowed thirty-seven & a half cents per week for his board. Of this he expended but about seventeen and a half cents. What he saved was laid out in books.

At the Philadelphia Post Office foreign coin is now repaid, except at a depreciated value. Spanish 64s, 10s, and 4s, at half value; dimes, and twenty-three cents American.

Gen. Almonte, late Mexican Minister at Washington, has been appointed Secretary of War of the Republic of Mexico.

THE LAST ROORBACK.

Who killed Tecumseh? This is a question which has given our federal politicians infinite trouble.—They have always begrudged Col. Johnson the honor of slaying this wily and ferocious Indian warrior.—Although his companions in arms, and the circumstances of the case have always pointed out the Col. as the man who met and slew this forest chieftain, still the Whigs could never credit the report, for the plain reason that Col. Johnson was a public man and a Democrat. He had filled the second office in the United States and his name has been prominently before the people for the first, therefore he must be killed off, and they could hit upon no mode which in their apprehension would succeed so well as to make some other man kill Tecumseh!

To account for the death of this Indian chief in some other manner than by the hand of Col. Johnson, has tasked the ingenuity of the Whigs for many years. Many devices have been adopted for that object, but thus far all have failed. Recently, some one, either for his own amusement, to see how large a moon story the Whigs could swallow, or for the purpose of carrying a local election, a resort common to the Whigs, put in circulation the following pretended correspondence between Lewis Figg and R. M. Johnson. This being just such capital as the Whigs deal in, their papers have caught up the correspondence and are now explaining to their readers with their usual Owlike wisdom, who it was that killed Tecumseh.

The following are the letters referred to, and we should recommend that our neighbor append them as a certificate to authenticate the statement of "a member of the Legislature." [Age.]

"BOSTON, KY, June 1, 1845.

"DEAR COLONEL:—In the course of human events it becomes necessary for me to present myself before the people for office. I opine that I shall stand in need of all the external aid I can get. I am, therefore, compelled to ask your permission to make public the true secret of the death of Tecumseh, and the slayer therefore, I hope this will put you to no public inconvenience.

"I am, as ever, your old friend and messmate.
LEWIS FIGG."

"To this letter I received the following prompt reply:

"GREAT CROSSINGS, June 6, 1845.

"MY DEAR FIGG:—Your note of the first instant was received this morning. I hasten to reply. After declaring, in all sincerity, my delight in hearing once more from my old friend and messmate, I will say, I will remember the circumstances of that eventful day on which Tecumseh was slain. Now that I am no longer a candidate for public office, and having retired to the shades of private life, I have no cause to regret your making known to the public the real Tecumseh killer. I surely ought to rest satisfied with what the reputation of it has done for me, and now willing that you should reap all the advantages from it you can. The great thing to be remembered to you, here would be pleased to see you at the Great Crossings.

"Yours, truly,
R. M. JOHNSON."

"By the following paragraph, in which the Kentucky Yeoman kills the silliest of the Roarback family as dead as Tecumseh himself:

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN? Is it possible that the Bardstown Whig Sentinel is lending itself to the propagation of a wicked and senseless hoax, or a barefaced falsehood—published under the signature of Lewis Figg—about Col. Johnson? All the names to this curious publication must either be fictitious, the whole affair a broad hoax, (and we should so consider it, but for the endorsement of the Sentinel), or the persons interested have been grossly imposed upon by some practical joker—or it is a wicked fraud and forgery. To expose the whole affair, it is only necessary to say that Col. Johnson does not live at the Great Crossings, that, at the date of the first letter from him, he was on his way to Washington city; that Gen. McAfee has not been in Scott county this year; and that two days after the date of the last letter purporting to be from Col. Johnson, then at the Great Crossings, he died at the editor of this paper, in Frankfort, on his way home from below; and authorized us then to say that he did know such a man as Maj. Lewis Figg—had never written such a letter as that published over his name in Figg's handbill—and that it was all a hoax or forgery. We hope the Sentinel, in justice to Col. Johnson, will say whether the publication of Lewis Figg, is really a hoax, or whether the matter therein contained attempts to be palmed off upon the people of Nelson county as facts. If the latter, we will take effectual measures to undeceive them; and if the parties are worth the trouble, we doubt not Col. Johnson will take effectual measures to expose and punish the perpetrators of so miserable a fraud and forgery."

BRITISH PHILANTHROPHY ILLUSTRATED.—Nothing illustrates the hypocritical philanthropy of the British nation so much as its professions of anxiety to familiarize the Chinese with the habits of modern civilization. She has not only forced the introduction of opium into China against the solemn edicts of that government, and compelled the "brother of the Moon" to pay several millions for daring to defend the integrity of his own laws, but has established at last, at Hong Kong, houses for smoking opium, under certain regulations; the houses to be open from day light until ten o'clock at night, to be closed on Sundays! What a tremendous show of virtue! The introduction into such houses of weapons, fire-arms, or instruments of any kind by which death might be produced, is prohibited under the severest penalties, as is the sale of opium by retail in other houses. The British Government is not only resolved to poison the Chinese, but to monopolize the business of poisoning as to do it effectually, and at a profit. This is British philanthropy, and such has it ever been since the days of the robber Kings of the seas. Repugnant as it is to all the better feelings of human nature, yet upon the soil of free and thinking America, may be found hundreds, nay, thousands, of native born citizens who worship the admirable philanthropy of politics, glorious Britain! Why? Because her whole policy of government is calculated, nay intended, to foster the rich and powerful few at the expense of the oppressed and laboring millions.

LISTE IN GOSHAM. Three or four years ago a lime quarry was discovered in the town of Gosham, a short distance above the Cotton Factory and within a quarter of a mile from the Cumberland and Oxford Canal. The Portland Adv. states that the Messrs. Horton have lately purchased a tract of land, embracing the quarry, and have obtained the services of an experienced lime-burner from Thomaston, by whom the rock is pronounced to be a superior quality, and who is now getting out a kiln of several hundred casks.

JOHN BULL LOOK OUT!

We cut the following from an article in the Boston Atlas, a thorough protective paper.

"Boots and Shoes in England. While our shoe manufacturers are complaining of dull times and unprofitable business, it seems rather singular that, among so many enterprising men, the idea has never occurred to them, of making and selling boots and shoes in England, which the late change in the British Tariff has given them an opportunity of doing, to so great an advantage."

Only think of this. Here is a direct proposition for our shoe manufacturers, who we have been told would all go to starvation in a few minutes less than no time unless they were "protected" against the pauper labor of Europe, to go into business of making and selling shoes and boots in England, right under John Bull's nose, because, says this Whig paper, our manufacturers can do the business cheaper than the English can at home! Now this is truly alarming, and the Queen should call an extra session of parliament and see to it that her manufacturers are properly "protected" against this threatened invasion. Don't the Journal perceive this danger to his friends over the water? Lift up your voice neighbor, like seven trumpets and three or four cataracts, and let your British friends know that the American once about to supply the markets of the world, and especially England, with boots and shoes. [Age.]

STATE PRISON. A travelling correspondent of the Portland Argus writing from Thomaston says, among other things that he visited the State Prison, which he found thorough and complete in workmanship, and constructed, warmer and ventilated in a manner that must ensure health and comfort of the prisoners, and that Somerville's book is only laughed at in Thomaston. He did not of course fall in with the Advertiser's witnesses, by whom gross mal-administration of the Prison affairs is to be proved.

GOOD AGAIN FROM TEXAS. On the anniversary day of our national independence, the people of Texas, by their delegates assembled in convention at Austin gave their unqualified and unanimous assent to the propositions made by the United States for annexation to the Union, and that beautiful and valuable district of country is now part and parcel of American soil beyond any doubt or peradventure. The acquisition of Louisiana is a bright page in our history, that of Texas will be another.

MOST FRIENDLY ENEMIES. The Whigs have been unusually busy of late in reporting dissensions in President Polk's Cabinet, the chief disagreements being between Mr. Walker and Buchanan. There is no foundation for their reports. The Secretary of the Treasury and of State are on the best terms—in the absence of the family of Mr. W. from Washington, Mr. B. invited him to occupy the same home with him, and they are now living together. What friendly enemies!

A RICH BIT OF BUTTER. A few mornings since a gentleman in Charleston took a bit of butter on his knife, when lo! it slipped an American Eagle of the real "Simon Pure," lost no doubt by some industrious dairy maid, and which the finder would wish to restore to its rightful owner.

Capt. Jonathan Walker who was branded in Florida says the brands was put on his hand by Marshal Dorr, a native of Maine, a brother-in-law of Hon. L. S. Severance, M. C.

Dr. Edward, yesterday afternoon, George Freeman Maxon, only son of Mr. George W. Maxon of this city, in the 15th year of his age. He was a youth of uncommon worth and promise, beloved not only by his parents but by all who knew him. His associates will not forget his many and amiable traits of character; while his parents have met with an irreparable loss in the death of a son distinguished for his filial devotion. He was at the time of his decease a member of the High School where he won the esteem of his teacher by his superior scholarship and becoming deportment; and he had long been connected with the Sabbath School of the Baptist Society. He left behind very satisfactory evidence of being a sincere Christian.

Bangor Mercury, 6th inst.

The Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania has given official notice to holders of certificates of the funded debt of Pennsylvania that the interest due the first day of August will be paid at the Bank of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia.

TEXAS CONVENTION. The Washington Union contains a list of the numbers of the Texas convention, with a statement of their occupations places of nativity, &c., from which it appears that of 61 members, (the whole number) 13 are from Tennessee, 8 from Virginia, 6 from Kentucky, 4 from North Carolina, 3 from South Carolina, 2 from Massachusetts, 2 from Pennsylvania, 2 from Louisiana, and one each from Maine, Ohio, Alabama, Texas and England. Of ten the nativity is not stated; but they are Americans except one, who is from Ireland. So it appears that all the members of the Convention are natives of the U. States except three, viz: Navarro of Texas, Taylor, of England, and Powers, of Ireland,—all of whom voted for annexation. The only vote in opposition was given by R. Baehle, from Pennsylvania.

He, however, afterwards concurred and signed the Ordinance accepting the resolutions of the U. S. Congress.

Of the whole 61 members, 23 are lawyers, 14 farmers, 6 planters, 3 merchants, 2 mechanics, 1 surveyor, 1 editor 1 inspector of customs, 1 physician, while of 9, the occupation is not stated.

WORTHY OR IMITATION. It is stated by a Washington letter writer, that a Mr. Baker from Connecticut, who visited Washington in search of office, but found none, finding himself out of funds, "scorned to fall back on any thing else, than his own resources, and went to work at a dollar a day, with the men, who were paving the avenue. Mr. Albert, discovering him to be a man of worth and intelligence, made Baker a sort of overseer, so that he has comparatively an easy berth of it."

THE MAINE FARMER says that in Kennebec county the grass crop, from present appearances will be light, nothing near an average one. The wheat looks very well indeed, and promises a fair harvest, if not blasted by that destructive pest the Weevil. The amount sown is not large. Oats are rather light, but will undoubtedly yield a remunerating harvest. A part of the crop looks very well, bearing a good color, but rather dwarfish in size. Many potatoes have been planted, and the harvest will probably be a good one.

The Palmer Manufacturing Company have declared a semi-annual dividend of fifteen per cent

The Approaching Election.

We cannot say to much too our friends in relation to the ensuing election. Although we have no doubt of the result, yet we wish to retain an equal, if not greater majority, than we had last year. We desire to exhibit to the whole Union, that we are increasing in strength, and that the people of this State are devoted to equal rights, and to that mode of constraining laws, and the constitution, and administering the government, which has received the approbation of the democratic party. We are solicitous to escape from vibrations, such as we have heretofore experienced, from large and small majorities, creating uncertainty, and not unfrequently paralyzing exertion. The stronger the party is, the more easily errors and unhappy difficulties are cured. The weak will occasionally temporize and hesitate, while the strong go forward with a giant's tread, and bring to subjection the turbulent and refractory. The purity of the party, and the advancement of democratic principles are best secured by a strong majority. Let him, therefore, who has ought of complaint, remember that the only way in which he can obtain redress is to labor assiduously in adding to the strength of the democratic cause.

Those who undertake to form combinations and alliances for sordid and selfish purposes, to build up themselves in opposition to the wishes of the party, will find in the end, that they have built upon sand. No permanent advancement can be made by any one, unless the bone and muscle of the party sanction it. An association of individuals may thwart the will of the people, for a season; but their destruction is certain, and the postponement of it only makes it the more terrible when it comes.

The election of Governor by a full majority is of great importance, and hence we should pay particular attention to it. Some objections will always be made to the best of men, either as to their mode of selection or the policy by which their administration is governed.

The present democratic candidate, Mr. Anderson, has been tried for two years, and we are not aware that any just ground of complaint has ever been urged against him. The affairs of the State have been well managed, its finances are in a prosperous condition, and the appointments of officers have proved highly satisfactory. We hope he will be re-elected by an increased majority, giving vitality and life to our friends, and defeat and despair to our enemies. We have nothing to fear, unless it be apathy and indifference. After a succession of brilliant victories, we are apt to become over-confident, and forbear to exercise that watchfulness and severity of discipline, without which there cannot be success. The whigs, although they have been whipped till one would think they would never strive again, yet we are fully aware that they intend to make a very vigorous attack upon us, and we must meet it with a superior vigor. They have nothing to lose; it will not disgrace them to be again defeated. But how could an honest democrat hold up his head and look upon his fellow-men, if by failing to discharge his duty, the whigs should gain the least advantage in the coming campaign? Let every democrat be up and doing, and soon we shall hear the song of victory, rising and swelling on the breeze. [Argus.]

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND TEXAS.

The Secretary of the Treasury of the United States has issued a circular to the collectors and other officers of the customs, in which he announces that the President has received official intelligence that the Convention and Congress of Texas have sanctioned annexation—yet, until the farther action of the Congress of the United States upon this subject, and instructions founded thereon from this department, you will collect duties as heretofore upon all the imports from Texas into the United States. And exemption from duty will not be permitted on goods imported from foreign ports into Texas, and thence into the United States.

In relation to applications to enter goods with the privilege of drawback of duties on exports to Texas, he says—"You will diligently inquire into the circumstances of the case, with a view to ascertain whether this exportation is intended for the consumption of the cargo in Texas, or for reimportation into the United States; and any attempt to obtain a drawback of the duties, where the goods are really designed for consumption within our limits, is a manifest fraud on our revenue laws, which will be prevented by all the lawful means within the power of this department.

He enjoins great vigilance in obtaining ample security on all export bonds, &c.

[Boston Courier.]

THE BONAPARTE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS. At Bordentown, are to be sold at Auction on the premises, (now held by young Prince Musigano,) on the 17th and 18th of September, by Thomas Birch, Philadelphia, auctioneer. The collection embraces some magnificent specimens of the old masters, and they are worth more than the price of a jaunt to Bordentown only to look at. Some of these pictures are reputed to have hung for years in the private cabinet of Napoleon. They had been secreted by their former owners in the stormy times of 1800-10; they were dragged from their hiding places and carried to Versailles. On the downfall of Napoleon they were sent to this country for safe keeping, and finally, on the death of Joseph Bonaparte, they were left to his grandson, the young Prince, now at Bordentown. The Prince could afford to keep them, and would it be said, were he not placed in delicate circumstances. They are to be sold for reasons the public are not ever likely to understand. [Trenton Gazette.]

FIDELITY. The New York papers relate an incident worthy of notice. The machinery at the light-house on Newkirk Island, by which the lights revolved, was recently broken, and obliged to be sent to Newkirk to effect repairs. In the mean time, fearing that some mariner might be deceived by the light becoming stationary, he mounted regularly into the top for several nights and from dark till sunrise, kept the lights revolving, by turning them with his hand! A most commendable discharge of duty.

LITERARY. Some curious specimens on orthography and chirography pass under the eyes of postmasters and newspaper editors in the discharge of their duties as "public servants;" but we do not remember of meeting anything more unique in this line, than the following directions on letters at the Northampton post office, and copied by a friend of ours.

"To the care of Silvester Right halfed Northampton post office Brightest minds for Philip Galligan."

The major part of this may be readily guessed out, but it takes a cute Yankee to imagine that "Brightest minds" means "Barytes' mines," which was what the writer intended. The other was an original way of spelling the name of Bigelow—"Mr. Big Gerlough." The schoolmaster is certainly abroad. [Springfield Republican.]

TEXAS LANDS. The Washington Union says a gentleman now in Texas has written an account of it, in which he says that few persons could form a conception of its capacities, who had not seen them; that the sugar lands alone are much greater in extent than all the sugar land in the rest of the Union. It would seem as if Texas was destined to be a great sugar as well as a cotton country. The cane has sometimes 22 or 23 joints; but in Louisiana, it is said on an average, to be not more than 18.

IOWA. A writer in the Dubuque Express, is enthusiastic in praise of Iowa, and if half of what he says is true, there are worse places in the world than Iowa:

"We have no barren wastes nor ocean prairies, no quagmire countries nor corderoy roads in Iowa. None of these things. Every acre is susceptible of cultivation, without draining swamps, or deadening woods, as in other western States; no 'black tongue,' as in Missouri; no lifetime fever and ague, as in Illinois; no 'milk sickness,' as in Indiana. Neither have we the locust, nor army worm, nor Hessian fly to destroy our crops, as is common to other States. In truth, a finer land nature's sun never shone upon, and to whose soil and climate are less objections than Iowa."

Recently discovered bed of Diamonds in Mexico. According to the report of an expert Geologist, Von Gerold, diamonds have been discovered, in the Mexican mountain range in the Sierra Madre, in the direction of Acapulco, to the south west of the city of Mexico. Humboldt had conjectured that diamonds and platinum occurred further to the north west in the gold washery of Sonora. It is also said that immense tracts of auriferous alluvia, occurred in Upper California as well as in New Mexico. They are principally in the possession of wild tribes, a circumstance which will accelerate the intrusion of North Americans and hasten the taking possession of them by strangers. Puffendorfs' Annalen.

SUPERBLY INFANOUS. It is said that Gen. Dearbon, on taking the chair as President of the Native American Convention, in Philadelphia, made use of the following atrocious language. [U. S. Journal.]

Unless we stop emigration, we can't preserve the liberty of our country. If it continues, the time will come when we will have to rise in arms and massacre the foreigners, or make them our slaves, in order to preserve the free institutions of our country, and transmit them unimpaired to our children.

CARRYING THE JOKE TOO FAR. At a recent steam boat excursion from New York, a young clergyman married a couple in sport. When they returned home they found that, by law, they had taken each other for "better or for worse." The gentleman is willing to consider it "for better," but the lady takes it "for worse."

HARD CUT. Some notorious fellow having threatened to cowhide Prentice of the Louisville Journal, the editor gives notice that he may be found at home at all times, and expresses a hope that his antagonist may have the use of his limbs when he visits Louisville, as the last time he was there he wore a pair of hand cuffs.

We learn that a boat containing eight men, swamped yesterday at the foot of Gordon falls on the Penobscot, about 60 miles from this city, and that four of the men were drowned. Their names were Sampson Gulliver, Stephen Birch, Philadelphia, auctioneer. The collection embraces some magnificent specimens of the old masters, and they are worth more than the price of a jaunt to Bordentown only to look at.

"Thomas, spell weather," said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "W-i-e-a-t-h-e-r, weather." "Well, Thomas, you may sit down," said the teacher: "I think this is the worst spell of weather we have had since Christmas—bad as the season has been."

OLE BULL. The celebrated Norwegian Violinist has been charming the Portlanders with the sweet strains of his cat gut. He visits Hanover, N. H. at the commencement at Dartmouth.

The Maine Farmer heads his political items with a cut representing two dogs quarrelling for a bone. We would suggest to the Dr. to substitute a Coon for one of the dogs. Get "the same old one" if possible.

"Hallo there, Tommy my boy, what are you climbing that ladder for?" "To see how high the thermometer is dad." "How high is my son?" "Just above the third story window. Hedo! no idea it was so warm!"

ANOTHER WINDFALL.

The Gazette says: We understand that a Mr. Irving who lives at Pushrow in humble circumstances, has recently received intelligence from Scotland that his wife is heir to an estate, her portion of which will amount to between one and two millions of dollars.

The editor of the Philadelphia Post deems it perfect nonsense for a man to embark himself on the deep for the sake of getting sea-sick, when he can make himself twice as sick by staying at home and taking epinec.

A RIVAL FOR TOM THUMB. Mr. Samuel C. Tucker, of North Haven, informs the editor of the New Haven Herald, that he has a child over a year old, and perfectly healthy, which weighs only eight and a half pounds.

After a marriage in Connecticut, the bridegroom took the parson aside very mysteriously, and whispered to him, "can't you take your pay in taters?"

To the Benevolent. Mr. Astor, it is said, lost one hundred thousand dollars by the late fire—about one sixth of his annual income.

COUNTERFEITS. Two dollar counterfeit bills of the Derry Bank, New Hampshire, are in circulation. They are dated, November 2, 1845. The large two and the word New Hampshire, are bad. The signatures of the officers are poor. Where is the association for the detection of counterfeiters? Would not every bank and every business man in New England contribute something to suppress this growing and alarming evil? Let the gentlemen who have been moving in the matter in Boston, make an appeal to them, and we have no doubt of their hearty co-operation. [Atlas.]

An Ungrateful Villain. Mr. J. Goodrich of Bartlett, N. H. had his horse and wagon stolen from him on Sunday, in Baldwin, by a scoundrel whom he had taken in to help him along to Portland—having overtaken him while travelling on foot. Mr. Goodrich alighted from his wagon on ascending a hill, in order that his horse might be relieved, and the man was left to drive up the hill—when lo! as he reached the top, he put on the lash, and ran away! Mr. Goodrich traced him to Gorham. The fellow professed that it made him sick to ride in the stage, and therefore solicited Mr. Goodrich to take him in. [Argus.]

A Rare Meeting.—A commutation in the N. Hampshire Patriot states that there was recently a meeting at Henniker, N. H., of seven brothers by the name of Wood, whose united ages were a little more than 453 years—the average being 64 1/2 years. They had never all been together before, even in childhood; and now met for the last as well as the first time:

The very last case of absence of mind, is walking in the moonlight and turning into the shade to avoid the heat.

The Haverhill (N. H.) Democrat says that the first occupant of the new jail in Crafton County, was a student, and member of the Senior class in Dartmouth College, being charged with theft at various times.

From the Huntington, Pa. Journal of Nov. 3d, 1811. It is not often that we notice any of the thousand medicines advertised in our or any other paper. But when any medicine is offered to the public which we feel assured is really valuable, we cannot do otherwise than say so.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will be found advertised in our paper of this week. It is the preparation of a pre-eminently physician, and cannot bear the name of quack medicine; and further, we have seen the effects of it tested, and are willing to add ours to the general recommendation.

A. Williams, Esq., 53 William street, New York—himself cured of Asthma of 24 years standing by this medicine—says that he took a half dozen bottles of Wistar's Balsam on his voyage to Liverpool in March, 1845, and had the satisfaction of curing a number of cases of difficult breathing and asthma while on board the ship. The fact is there is no medicine like this in the whole remedial agent.

It's That dread disease, Consumption, is speedily and effectually cured by the use of the Great English remedy, Duchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life. This is no quack nostrum, but a standard English Medicine of known and established efficacy.

From Coleman & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. We have now had the agency of the Hungarian Balsam at this place one year, and from the increasing demand, and the numerous testimonials of those who have used it, many of whom we are personally acquainted with, we deem it a truly valuable medicine in all cases of Pulmonary affections, and with confidence recommend it to the afflicted.

Respectfully, your friends, COLEMAN & CO. Pamphlets respecting this great English remedy may be had gratis of Messrs HAYMON, only agent in Paris

MARRIED.

On the 18th of June, at Venice, John Randolph Clay, Secretary of the United States at St. Petersburg, to Jane Tucker Macknight Crawford, daughter of Wm. Crawford, Esq., of Edinburgh, Scotland. In August, Mr. Harvey E. Dingley, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Harriet B. Ross.

DIED.

In Dixfield, on Sunday last, Mr. Amos Gardner, aged about 33. He was the manufacturer of the celebrated Gardner axes, and a man universally respected by all of his acquaintances. In Brownfield, Samuel Wentworth, aged 73. In Leeds, Mr. John A. Foster, aged 85.

LOOK AT THIS! THE Subscribers, wishing to offer to their customers this Fall an entire stock of

NEW GOODS, will sell, previous to the first of September, their remaining stock of Goods at a small advance from cost, and many articles at cost.

Also, they would request all persons having unsettled Accounts or Notes with them, to pay to the first of September the same without fail, previous to the first of September. A. C. DENISON, & CO. Norway Falls, July 22, 1845.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY, \$1000 In payment for the Democrat, Advertising, Job Work, &c.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

John Moulton, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Josiah Wood, late of Porter, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

It was Ordered, that the said John Moulton give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Fryeburg, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

14 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

Richard Clonem, late of Fryeburg, aforesaid, deceased, praying for license to sell as much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to pay the debts of said deceased, and fifty dollars for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and incidental charges.

It was Ordered, that the said Richard Clonem give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Fryeburg, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

14 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

J. H. & Mary Chase, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Joseph F. Fryeburg, deceased, having presented their account of their administration of the estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Executors give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Fryeburg, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

14 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

James Heard, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Joseph F. Fryeburg, deceased, having presented their account of their administration of the estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said James Heard give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Fryeburg, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

14 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Fryeburg, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Andrew Tyler, Guardian of William C. Bangs, of Brownfield, in said county, a minor, praying for license to sell as much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to pay the debts of said deceased, and fifty dollars for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and incidental charges.

It was Ordered, that the said Andrew Tyler give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Fryeburg, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

14 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fourth day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of William Frost, Adm. of the estate of Thomas J. Everett, late of Norway, in said county, deceased, praying for license to sell as much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to pay the debts of said deceased, and fifty dollars for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and incidental charges.

It was Ordered, that the said William Frost give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Waterford, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

14 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

WILLIAM R. SHURTLEEE, late of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to him.

ISAAC STRICKLAND, August 4th, 1845.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JAMES FLOON, late of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to him.

ISAAC STRICKLAND, August 4th, 1845.

At a Court of Probate, held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fourth day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

Amos Gage & Ann S. Gages, Administrators of the estate of Leander Gage, late of said Waterford, deceased, having presented their second account of their administration of the estate of said deceased; and also a Petition of the Widow of said deceased for a further allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrators give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Waterford, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed and granted.

14 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fourth day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Elizabeth Wood, Widow of Phineas Wood, late of Rumford, in said county, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, that the said Elizabeth Wood give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Rumford, on the 15th day of September next, at ten of the clock in the afternoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

14 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

THIS subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

ASA CUMMINGS, late of Albany, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to him.

HERMON CUMMINGS, August 4th, 1845.

Commissioners' Notice. THE undersigned, have been appointed by the Probate Judge for Oxford County, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims against the estate of

THOMAS J. EVERETT, late of Norway, in said county, deceased, represented insolvent.

Six months from the fourth day of August, eighteen hundred and forty-five, are allowed to creditors for bringing in and proving their claims.

The undersigned will be in session, for the above named purpose, on the first Tuesday of September and the last Tuesday of December next, from ten o'clock A. M., to four o'clock P. M., at the house of William Foster.

SAMUEL COBB, WILLIAM FOSTER, Commissioners. Norway, Aug. 9th, 1845.

Notice! CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber on the sixth instant, a SORE HORSE, with a white stripe in the face and both hind feet white.

The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take him away. BENJA. F. CRAWFORD. North Paris, August 6th, 1845.

HIGH SCHOOL. A HIGH SCHOOL will be opened on Paris Hill (the benefit of the town of Portland and Lucid) of that place and vicinity, under the instruction of

WM. W. VIRGIN; to commence on Monday, the first day of September next, and continue one term only.

The instructor intends to accept of those who patronize his School, all the advantages and privileges usually afforded by our Academies.

While those pursuing the common English branches will receive primary attention, Scholars wishing to pursue classical studies, will have an opportunity of attending to Latin, Greek, German, French, and finally all those branches usually taught in schools of a similar kind.

Terms, \$3, or 30 cents per week. Paris, July 1st, 1845.

Westbrook Seminary. THE FALL TERM of this Seminary will commence on MONDAY, the first day of September next, under the government and instruction of

EXERCISE P. HUSTON, A. B., Principal, and **MORRIS B. WALKER,** Teacher in the English Department; **ISAIAH H. BAKER,** Teacher of Penmanship, and **MRS. ALMENA M. STREYSS,** Teacher of Music. Such additional Assistants will be employed as the interest of the School may require.

Thorough instruction will be given in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian and German—and in the various departments of Literature and Science. Students fitting for College will receive particular attention, and those desiring to teach will form a separate class, to which special instruction will be given.

Familiar Lectures on Natural Science, and on various subjects connected with mental and moral culture, will be given every week during the term.

Students will not be admitted for less than half a term. The tuition must be paid at the middle of the term; and in case of sickness, the proportional amount will be refunded; and in such cases only will any deduction be made on account of absence.

Arrangements have been made with Rev. J. F. ARTHUR, for opening a Boarding House, where board, including room and furniture, may be obtained for \$1.17 per week for gentlemen, and \$1 for ladies. Board in private families, including washing, fuel, lights, room and furniture, \$1.50 for gentlemen, \$1.25 for ladies.

Books furnished by the instructors at Portland prices. Terms, per quarter, for common English branches, \$3; higher English, \$4; Languages, \$5. Instruction on the Piano Forte and Organ, \$5 (extra.) N. B. The children of clergymen will be admitted for half price.

Stevens' Plains, July 23, 1845. 184513

Gould's Academy IN BETHEL. THE Trustees of Gould's Academy in Bethel are hereby notified that their annual meeting will be held at said Academy on the last Tuesday of August next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of choosing all officers required by the By-Laws, of filling the board of Trustees, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before them.

Bethel, July 20, 1845. 13

Caution! ALL persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting **BENJAMIN CROVER,** a Pauper of the town of Newry, for whom suitable provision has been made, as no bills of his contracting will be paid from and after this date.

HAYEN GLIDEN, Newry, July 21st, 1845. 3w13

SIMEON CUMMINGS, AGENT for Portsmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Paris, Hill. 6mjuu10

C. W. WALTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DIXFIELD-VILLAGE, MAINE.

